

Five minutes (to watch your life go by)

by Nightbird

Category: Buffy: The Vampire Slayer

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-05-26 09:00:00

Updated: 2000-05-26 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 18:35:54

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 536

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Death leads to anger, Anger leads to death and death's dark angels will dance again. D/S

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Title: Five Minutes (to see your life go by.)

>Author: Nightbird ( Night Time Spike)<br>Disclaimer: May Joss have mercy on my soul. He owns them, I just come round

>in the dead of night, break his windows and make off with them.<br>Distribution: SHL, anyone with my fic up otherwise ask.

>Couple: SD.

>Rating: PG-15 I guess.<br>Summary: Death leads to anger, Anger leads to death. And death's dark angels

>will dance again.<br>Notes: 5 minute dark fic. I'm enjoying my last days of freedom for come

>Monday I shall be a dead Nightbird. A curse on the house of the person who<br>came up with exams. See what studying Romeo & Juliet does to me. Bah.

>Now I'm going to be quoting it all day.<br>Dedication: To my evil Siblings. You guys know why. To dark fic and it's

>authors.<br>Feedback: Hit me baby one more time. Flames will mocked and drenched in

>sarcasm.<br>

>I never intended it to finish this way. We were going to live forever. Blood<br>would be our calling card, Screams would echo as our music and broken bodies

>would be sign posts across the land. Death and destruction would follow us<br>and over time we would be within them, become them and triumph over the

>light.<br>

>But it stopped. Our ride though the darkness was interrupted, halted in it's<br>prime by a simple piece of wood. Our hearts are easily pieced and when they

>are, they crumble and the winds of time and space blow us away. A silvery<br>grey mist which will dance within the wind, swirling and

twisting and  
>melding with the sands of life. Ashes to ashes, dust to dust.<br>  
>I'll never forget her or her death. The frightened gasp as the point  
slid<br>though her pale, moon coloured skin, the last words she  
whispered as she  
>crumbled to the earth. And the sickening realisation that this was  
the end.<br>  
>I raged. Throwing things, hurting things. Red overtook black as I  
mourned<br>for her in the only way I knew how. Pain is a healer but  
death and darkness  
>covered me, gave me sanctuary and held me like the mother I once  
had. They<br>are my mothers now.  
><br>Killing lost all meaning, without her it was nothing. Blood  
became the enemy  
>and I shunned it for all it did was bring back memories. Memories of  
dainty<br>white limbs, pale and slender bathed in a crimson spray as  
sharp teeth  
>ripped into unwilling flesh, spilling the paint for death's artists  
to leave<br>their mark.  
><br>I'm waiting for the light. It scares me but I need her to  
complete me and to  
>find her I must join her. The horizon lights up and I feel the  
warmth<br>travelling nearer. As it climbs my body I give in to the  
sweet caress of the  
>sunlight. Maybe we won't triumph over the light, maybe it'll triumph  
over<br>us. I no longer care. I need her darkness and this is the  
only way now.  
><br>Ashes to Ashes. Dust to dust. What will be has been and what has  
been will  
>rise again. For now and for the rest of time. Amen.<br>

End  
file.